

<u>ANSWER KEY</u>

Simile—A comparison of two things using the words “like” or “as”

- (pg. 146) His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness.
- (pg. 147) Until, at length, a single dim ray, like the very thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell upon the vulture eye.
- (pg. 147) It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.
- (pg. 148) It was a low, dull, quick sound- much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton.

Metaphor—An implied comparison of two unlike things NOT using the words “like” or “as”

- (pg. 145) One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture- a pale blue eye, with a film over it.
- (pg. 147) Yes, he was stone, stone dead.

Personification—Giving human-like qualities to something nonhuman (including animals)

- (pg. 145) The disease had sharpened my senses
- (pg. 145) It is impossible to say how at first the idea entered my brain, but once conceived it haunted me day and night.
- (pg. 147) All in vain; because Death, in approaching him, had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim.
- (pg. 147) It was open- wide, wide open- and it grew furious as I gazed upon it.
- (pg. 147) A new anxiety seized me- the sound would be heard by a neighbor!

Hyperbole—An extreme exaggeration used for emphasis or effect

- (pg. 145) I heard all things in the heaven and earth.
- (pg. 145) Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold.

Onomatopoeia—A word whose sound imitates its action (or the source of the sound that it describes)

- (pg. 145) I undid the lantern cautiously- oh, so cautiously- cautiously (for the hinges creaked).
- (pg. 147) It is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp.
- (pg. 148) As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door.
- (pg. 148) A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night.
- (pg. 148) I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted.

Alliteration—The repetition of a consonant sound found at the beginning of neighboring words

- (pg. 146) To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little.
- (pg. 148) Tear up the planks!-here, here!- it is the beating of his hideous heart!